

## Of Reich, Regret and Redemption by Usiel21

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**Summary:**

Mike Wheeler did not want this, he wanted no part of this but duty to the Reich demanded it. That is until he see's her and everything changes, Mike falls for her on sight and resolves to do anything to save her, even if that meant committing high treason

# **1. The Camp**

**(A/N) During World War II a series of camps would be set up across Germany and other occupied countries where forced labour and death would occur frequently, some camps were designed only to kill, this is their story, they shall be remembered.**

**(A/N) no disrespect was intended in the making of this Fan Fiction. Only the story is fictional, but the details of what they went through is not. You have been Warned.**

**Dachau concentration camp**

**Upper Bavaria, Southern Germany**

**September 1942 - Three Years Into World War II**

Rain slowly started to splatter upon the ground, Eighteen Year old Mike glanced down and sighed, his boots were going to become muddy after this downpour of rain, he stood at the entrance to Dachau, this was his first week here after being recently drafted from the Hitler Youth. Of course this allowed other troops to be freed up for the Russian front.

Mike Wheeler kept his MP40 submachine gun close to him, glad that he himself was not on the Russian front, he heard the stories, stories of Wehrmacht troops slowly freezing to death due to the bitter cold that had now settled in for the Russian winter. The conditions on the Eastern Front were rapidly deteriorating despite the Blitzkrieg that was initiated, the country was simply too big for it to be fully effective.

However secretly, Mike hated this, hated being here, being part of the Wehrmacht, being part of the Hitler youth, being taught how to kill and bomb, being taught of racial purity and Germania was superior to all others amongst other things, throughout his time there he kept his head down and drew no attention to himself, although he couldn't help it after seeing that his hands were effectively made for war, excelling on mathematics although it in reality it was Military

training.

Being taught that Germany must live even if they were to die to accomplish this, Sacrifice for the cause his teacher would say, point is Mike didn't believe in any of this, didn't believe in Germany or The Nazi Party. Except he had no choice, none of the boy's his age had a choice, it was terrifying.

Mike felt the uncomfortable press of the Hitler Youth Knife on his side, reminding him of what was expected, of what he was taught and of what and who he really was. Mike guilty looked to the ground, he could never tell anyone what he truly felt lest the Gestapo found out and he would either end up in a place like this of to be summarily executed for treason.

He wonders silently how his friend William was, being forced to flee several years back as he was Gay and they were rounding up people of all types that did not fit their world view, he had fled to Neutral Switzerland, he hoped that his friend had made it. Although will was forced to fled along with Lucas who also suffered the stigma of racial hatred.

However his other friend Dustin was also in the Hitler Youth with him, Dustin had been his only confidant, the only one who he knew shared the same views as he did, but he was currently serving in occupied France whilst Mike was forced to serve here at one of the camps under direct SS control. Mike felt like they would in time see right through is façade of compliance.

The sounds of marching could be heard in the distance, Mike glanced down to his watch, they were running a little late but that was to be expected, a new shipment of Prisoners were due today, some one thousand Russian and Polish prisoners to be effectively forced to work here or die.

Soon they came into view and Mike tried not to let it effect him. Waffen-SS troops marched forward and between them In a fairly large group of poorly dressed people that were the Russian and Polish prisoners, Mike held his MP40 nervously as the Waffen-SS approached, the two lighting bolts on their collar stood out. They approached the gate somewhat at a fast pace.

“Halt!” One Waffen-SS Soldier ordered and the crowd of Prisoners had complied immediately afraid of suffering punishment for even the slightest misdemeanour. They shuffled slightly in the cold and Mike tried to avoid eye contact with any of them, not because of disgust or hate but because of Regret and Shame in himself.

But his eyes remained focused as he watched them closely.

And that is when he saw her. Big vibrant brown eyes.

Mike could not help but stare at them, so bright and beautiful, he was simply captivated by them, he looked around himself nervously before looking back only to find her staring right back at him, something stirred within him, he examined her much more closely.

Pale with slight tinges of red on her cheeks, she was thin but not in the unhealthy sense, she seemed small but her eyes spoke of some fierce determination within her, Mike felt a spark within himself like a fire in a furnace he felt himself growing hot under her gaze, she too glanced around herself before relocking her gaze with him, he gulped nervously.

Her eyes flitted slightly side to side as she too examined him under her gaze. However she was snapped out of concentration as the gates opened and the order to march was given, they began to slowly troop into the camp, she grew ever closer to him.

As she passed she looked to him once more, their eyes locked before she moved passed him Mike heard the faintest echo in his head as her eyes broke away from his

“Hello, Mike Wheeler” the voice whispered to him.

She looked back to him as he shuffled nervously again upon hearing the voice in his head. Upon her face was the smallest hint of a smile. Before she was marched through the gate and out of sight.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

Terms you may be unfamiliar with

Waffen-SS - the armed division of the SS, an elite

division of soldiers loyal exclusively to Hitler

Wehrmacht - the armed forces of Germany.

Gestapo - The Nazi Secret Police

(A/N) please review, i was really, really nervous in posting this due to the serious nature of where and when this story is set, i mean no disrespect to anyone, if i get too many negative reviews on the story i will discard it and start work on the sequel to Beauty of Annihilation

Thank you.

I would like to point out as of now i am aware of several inaccurate details in the story, but i am taking creative liberties whilst being respectful whilst doing so

## 2. Stigma

Mike watched as the prisoners slowly began to file in through the gate, the mysterious girl had been long gone but she left a major impression on Mike who was still stood in the same spot, watching the prisoners shuffle forward. One prisoner gazed hatefully at him and Mike gazed straight back at him with a somewhat neutral expression.

Mike decided to turn his gaze elsewhere to keep an eye on the prisoners a bit closer to him, Mike felt nervous and sick under the gaze of the numerous prisoners, he wondered who they were, were they Soldiers like himself? Or were they civilians, Mike simply could not tell.

There was a cry of rage and Mike was brought out of his thoughts as he witnessed something he never thought he would, the prisoner who gazed hatefully at him had broken ranks as he passed one of the Waffen-SS and withdrew a makeshift shank and slit the mans throat before he could even raise his weapon. He fell to the floor and the Prisoner had reached down picked up the mans own MP40. Mike automatically raised his own along with the rest of the guards and Waffen-SS

“Drop the Gun, Bolshevik” A tall officer said, pointing a gun at the back of the Prisoners head, who huffed angrily before throwing down the weapon which splattered mud everywhere whereupon it hit the floor.

Mike Recognised the officer, it was SS-Officer Martin Brenner, the man in charge of the camp, his Luger directly opposite his head, this prisoner must have been Russian, due to being called Bolshevik. The Russian slowly turned to face his captor.

“You think you have won, fritz?” he asked, Brenner simply smiled back in response before replying

“Quiet simply? Yes” He said. The Russian considered his words before doing something Mike knew would result in his death if not unbearable torture.

“Long Live the motherland!” He shouted before he spat in the Officers face, he dove for the discarded weapon as Brenner wiped the slime from his face in sheer disgust, a shot rang out making Mike jump in shock as the Russian fell to the floor dead, the barrel of Brenner’s Luger smoking slightly from the shot that was fired.

Brenner angrily turned and Mike watched in utter revulsion as Brenner took aim and put a shot into a random prisoner, this was repeated until he ran out of bullets, Mike shook, his nerves on edge as he watched Numerous bodies tumble to the floor.

“Let this be a lesson to all of you, filthy communists” He spat angrily before walking off to his private quarters, the crowd of prisoners began to march once more, carefully overstepping the bodies that were on the floor, the prisoners didn’t even scream as the executions were carried out knowing it would just increase their own chances of being the next prisoner on being the end of the barrel.

Mike looked to his fellow Wehrmacht soldiers, he could see one or two were failing to mask their horror at what had happened before them, Mike was glad that he was not the only one who hated how things were. Mike, of course was exposed to so much anti-Communist and anti-Jew propaganda it was sickening.

In the Hitler youth they were taught that the Russians were inferior and the Jews were worse, that they on numerous occasions had been the cause of Germany’s economic problems where the Germans had suffered for a decade due to hyper-inflation and yet the Jews had not suffered as nearly as much because of the wealth that they possessed, they were even blamed for the Germany’s bitter defeat and surrender at the end of the great war.

Mike had heard rumours of other camps just like this that were set up just for extermination. It wouldn’t surprise Mike if the rumours going around the barracks were true, he’d seen enough to believe that this was happening somewhere else in the third Reich.

No, Mike only saw suffering as the Juden-Problem, as it was called was simply swept away, people forced into ghettos to starve and die, to die from disease that became as common place as the Swastika, that was until they were rounded up and carted off to never be seen again, Mike would later learn to his horror and sorrow that was the

holocaust playing out right in front of his eyes.

Mike felt a tap on his shoulder as one of his fellow Wehrmacht Soldiers had tapped his shoulder to relieve him, his shift was now over and Mike could now go to the barracks to relax, eat and sleep.

Mike simply nodded and shook hands with him before shouldering his MP-40 and walking off towards the barracks. Mike thought back to the girl from earlier, she looked similar in age to him, he wondered where she came from, if she were Russian or Polish. The voice in his head had not indicated much. Mike entered the relative warmth of the building and sat upon his Bunk. Placing his MP40 carefully down on the bunk next to him, he reached into the draw beside his bunk and pulled out several letters.

Several were from his Parents and the others were from Dustin.

He smiled as re-read some of Dustin's old letters, talking about how it was nice to be constantly by the fresh sea, his duties were simple watching and waiting for when Great Britain would try and take the beaches or at least make a counter-offensive and keeping an eye on French Workers as they built the "Atlantic Wall" he mentioned that he would sometimes see in the far off distance a British Warship patrolling the English Channel alone with some Hawker-Hurricanes or Spitfires, Dustin couldn't tell.

He carefully placed those letters to the side before picking up the letters from his Parents. His father was telling him how he couldn't be prouder that his boy was fighting for the glory of Germany, his father Ted was a Great War veteran who remembered the humiliation of returning to Germany a defeated Nation. His mother however was constantly pleading with him to be careful and look after himself and to come back home in one piece.

Unbeknownst to both Mike and his Parents, he would never return to Berlin.

Mike picked up the pencil and some paper and carefully wrote letters to the both of them, describing camp life and how boring guard duty was but at least glad he was not on the Russian front. Once he was done he folded the paper up, ready for them to be placed into



envelopes and delivered.

Mike lay back on his bunk staring up at the ceiling, his Mind constantly wandering to the girl who he had seen earlier that day, his thoughts constantly thinking of the encounter, captivated by her beauty. The only thing that struck him that was odd was that her hair was short, not a buzz cut but just a tad longer than one. Maybe she was part of the Red Army. It was becoming commonplace for Woman to be fighting in the red army. He heard that an SS unit were shocked to find that they had been fighting and had been beaten by a Unit made up mostly of Soviet Woman.

Mike chuckled to himself to imagine such a reaction. Unfortunately woman suffered the same, although not as brutal, stigma of being inferior to men.

When his shift began tomorrow inside the camp Mike would keep an eye out for the short haired girl, Mike did not realize he was already treading a dangerous line, it would only take a little more for him to be pushed into the realm of treasonous thoughts.

Within the camp Eleanor closed her eyes and found that her focus was on that of the ebony haired soldier she saw at the gate, she immediately sensed he was different from the rest and it was both intriguing and shocking to her.

She sensed that she was the focus of his thoughts. She knew that because his mind was reaching across to hers.

Despite her situation, she found herself smiling.

Her thoughts too lingered upon him.

He was different.

## **Notes for the Chapter:**

Terms you may be unfamiliar with.

Bolshevik - a slur for a Russian

Juden - German word for Jew

Fritz - Russian insult for a German.

Great War - Another way to describe World War I

Swastika - The Symbol of the Nazi Party.

(A/N) truly I am so grateful to the amount of comments I received on AO3 which has convinced me I have chosen the right decision in continuing the story, I will try to right a compelling Mileven story as well as trying to be as historically accurate to the mindsets, views and history of the Holocaust and other stigmas of that time.

I will warn you that in the next chapter that El and Mike will meet properly and I will depict some of the Punishments that the SS used on prisoners sometimes even for their own sick amusement.

As always review guys and until next time, peace!

### 3. Mental Meeting

*Mike stood stoically, MP40 in hand, he gazed down the line to see Waffen-SS and other Wehrmacht Soldiers lined up in a row with their weapons, Mike looked confused before he turned round to see a line of prisoners walking across the wall opposite him, his eyes conveyed shock and fear as he realized what he was about to be a part of. The SS-Officer Brenner came marching alone with a small smile and a glint in his eye.*

*Mike looked away from him, when something caught his eye, the girl from the gate was standing directly across from him, she looked terrified and small and he felt his heart break for her. She too knew what was about to befall her and the act that Mike would be forced to commit against his will. Their eyes met, static energy passed between them. Mike could feel it to the very depths of his bones.*

*Brenner stood to the side.*

*“Weapons at the ready!” He called.*

*Automatically the troops cocked their weapons as the prisoners looked on fearfully.*

*The girls eyes never left him. It was like she was staring into the very core of his soul, the soul that was about to be ripped apart with this heinous act that he was about to be a part of. Mike felt a solitary tear making its way down his face. Although his face had the same blank expression.*

*“Aim!” Brenner said once more.*

*Her head turned away from Brenner, to look at him directly and Mike felt like he was being stabbed repeatedly*

*“Mike...” she whispered, her voice carried over with an echo. She gave him the smallest hint of a smile, to convey to him that it was okay and that she forgave him.*

*“FIRE!” Brenner shouted*

*Bullets flew in tandem, striking their targets savagely, blood erupted from the impact points, their bodies tumbled to the floor, the light leaving their*

*eyes as they did so. Mike's hands wobbled as smoke made its way from the barrel of his weapon. He fell to his knees, he no longer cared. No longer cared for the Reich. No longer cared for his own life.*

*She Was Dead.*

*He looked to his collar to see the SS lightning bolts, he screamed in sheer terror upon seeing the symbols of hatred. He pulled at his collar in an attempt to rip the offending archaic symbols from his uniform.*

Mike sat bolt upright in his bunk, sweat poured down every inch of his skin. He held his head in his hands and ran them through his hair which was damp with sweat. It was just a dream he kept repeating to himself. Just a dream. But it had felt so real, so tangible, Mike looked over to his weapon that was sat by his chest of drawers. It made him want to vomit just by merely looking at it. Nevertheless, he set about getting ready for his shift, amongst the other Wehrmacht soldiers who too were either getting ready for bed or getting ready for their own shift within the walls of the camp.

Only now did Mike realize there was singing from outside. With the distance sound of boots treading through mud. The sound of tank treads could be heard as they groaned and clanked along. Mike looked out to see Tiger I's and Panzer IV tanks

Mike was able to make out the words

SS marschiert in Feindesland,  
Und singt ein Teufelslied.  
Ein Schütze steht am Wolgastrand,  
Und leise summt er mit.  
Wir pfeifen auf Unten und Oben,  
Und uns kann die ganze Welt  
Verfluchen oder auch loben,  
Grad wie es ihnen gefällt.

Wo wir sind da geht's immer vorwärts,  
Und der Teufel der lacht nur dazu!  
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!  
Wir kämpfen für Deutschland,  
Wir kämpfen für Hitler,

Der Rote kommt nie mehr zur Ruh

Mike moved away from the window, god he hated that song, absolutely hated it.

“Wilhelm, where are they off to?” Mike questioned nodding out the window to the Panzers and Waffen-SS alongside them. Wilhelm came up to stand beside Mike.

“That’s the 3rd SS Panzer Division. They’re off to the Eastern Front” Wilhelm supplied who now lowered his voice to a whisper “Good Riddance to them” he said, Mike merely nodded in response, looking out the window once more to see the Division retreating further down the road and along with that the singing as well.

Wilhelm, Like most Wehrmacht soldiers hated the SS simply to due to how they believed themselves to be better than they were. Now the camp was left with a dozen Waffen-SS Soldiers including the Commandant Brenner. Mike shook his head before going to get ready for the long day.

Eleanor woke up on the wooden cot, her eyes sprang open, blood was making its way out of her nose, she wiped at it absentmindedly with the back of her hand as she shook herself out of the stupor of sleep and made her way down the building and outside.

The dream she had played on her mind, watching as Mike was forced to commit an act of ultimate evil. But she forgave him because she knew it was not of his doing. It still haunted her though. She shuddered to think if it really did happen.

Neither of them knew that their minds joined and shared the dream together.

They were forced to eat outside, they received their poor quality and even worse quantity of food which Eleanor tore into ravenously, shouts of panic could be heard and she lifted her head to see someone dash over the warning wire in front of the fence line, cries of no could be heard as the prisoner made a mad dash for freedom.

The poor woman had barely reached the fence when an MG-42 from

one of the gun towers gunned her down like she was nothing. Silence fell over the assembled crowd as they held a small respectful silence. Eleanor bowed her head along with the others. Her head turned the other to see a commotion around 30 yards away, there stood five poles and five prisoners.

“Please, please not this, not this!” he cried his eyes wide open in terror, he was quickly silenced by a punch to the face by a Waffen-SS guard. She noticed that upon their chests were a yellow star.

She watched as they tied their arms behind their back before being hoisted by their wrists so they were dangling from the poles, the screams and whimpers were all too horrible and Eleanor looked away, unable to bare the screams of pain.

“Poor Bastards” someone said beside her.

“Who are they?” she asked, it was the first time she spoke since arriving. Apart from when she spoke to the Ebony Haired Soldier at the gate, whispering his name to him telepathically. It was as if the name called out to her from the darkness of a void.

“They’re Jews” he replied sombrely.

“What did they do?” she asked again.

The man laughed bitterly “Do? They didn’t do anything, this is what the SS like to do for fun” the man spat

Eleanor turned to look at them once more, she felt remorse for them as they hovered there, hoisted by their wrists that were tied behind their back. She knew from that position that over the next hour their shoulders would slowly begin to dislocate, she shuddered at the thought, she needed to divert her attention elsewhere lest she be sick.

That’s when she spotted him, he was stood by the camp gate on guard. She looked to his eyes and found only sorrow there, he masked it well, but she see could see into the very depths of his soul. that’s how she knew he was different. She could feel it even taste it.

Mike felt himself being watched, he tore his eyes away from that particular scene of brutality. He scanned the crowd, most of their

attention was upon the Jews who were suffering. His eyes roved this way and that. Scanning, searching. Until he found her. She was starring right at him. He heard the voice again.

“Mike” it whispered.

“Am I going crazy?” he wondered in his head.

Eleanor’s mouth twitched upwards into a tiny amused smile that made his heart race.

“No, I’m talking to you in your mind”

Mike decided to roll with it despite the fact he thought that he was basically going insane.

“Okay then, if you really can talk to me in this way, reach up and scratch you nose” He said to her smugly, directing his thoughts at her and to his astonishment she did just that, her small hand fell back to the side.

“Told you!” she said, he could hear the faint echo of a giggle in his mind, a small smile was adorning her features and honestly he had never seen something so adorable.

“So, What’s your name?” he asked her.

“Eleanor” she replied simply.

“I’m Mike... oh dammit you knew that already, I’m an idiot” he said, he resisted the urge to slap himself on the forehead

His mind echoed with her laughter.

And even in this place of death, suffering and sheer evil. He had never heard anything more beautiful.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

(A/N) Now that I have established everything I can finally get into my stride. The camp this story is set in was known for that method of torture it was

barbaric. Also prisoners across all camps in an act of madness would dash across the warning wire to try and escape and some did it just so they could die. No-one deserves to suffer like that.

That SS song is a real song, here is the full translation

SS marching in enemy territory,  
And sings a devil song.  
A shooter stands on the Wolgastrand,  
And he hummed softly.  
We whistle down and up,  
And the whole world can be us  
Curse or praise,  
Degree as they please.

Where we are, there's always progress,  
And the devil just laughs!  
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!  
We fight for Germany,  
We fight for Hitler,  
The red never comes to rest

And the word Panzer means Armour in German and was also the name for a series of light and medium Tanks

As always review! And until next time guys, peace!



## 4. The Story of Eleanor

### Notes for the Chapter:

(A/N) hey guys I missed out an important detail in chapter 3 which has now been edited in, its just after Eleanor wakes up. Its an important detail lol but anyways enjoy this chapter!

Mike looked away from her if only to avoid suspicion if he was caught staring at a prisoner it would possibly raise questions that he could not afford to be asked. This however did not mean that he stopped talking to her, on the contrary, the conversation had only just started.

“So where are you from?” Mike asked tentatively, although it could be a touchy subject to ask considering the army that he belonged to, but the question was burning in his mind and it needed answer.

She paused only for a moment before answering.

“Russia, I grew up in a small village close to the Russian border, you? Where in Germany do you come from?” she asked.

“Berlin” he replied “on the outskirts of Berlin, it was nice, beautiful green countryside, I lived close to some woods and I would spend my days by the pond there with Dustin, Lucas and will” Mike said thinking back to those much simpler times. Before the War, Before the Wehrmacht, Before the Nazi’s.

She smiled softly as he talked of home. “Where are they?”

Mike thought sadly. Oh how we wished where two of his best friends were.

“Dustin is in France on the western front. He basically keeps the locals in line, but Will and Lucas? Last I heard they were both heading to Switzerland, they were forced to flee, Lucas is black and Will likes men. It wasn’t safe for them anymore” Mike said sadly

“The Gestapo and SS came for them in the night, their homes were

burned to the ground, we met at the pond, it was our meeting place if anything went wrong. When I got there they were getting ready to leave. I haven't seen them since" Mike finished the brim of his helmet covered his eyes.

"I'm Sorry Mike" Eleanor said and she was, truly she felt terrible for him, having to say goodbye to friends just because they were different. Eleanor looked around her and thought that with hate and power Man could destroy everything that was beautiful and sacred.

"What about you? What was it like growing up in the village?"

"from a young age we are taught how to hunt and fish, to live off the land like true hunters, to lay in wait for hours on end for that perfect shot or the perfect catch. We were taught how to use a rifle. But we were also taught how to share what we have, Kill a deer? Make sure everyone has an equal fill. Such is the way of Communism" Eleanor said.

"What about friends and family?" Mike pressed.

"Mama died when I was very young, Papa taught me how to look after myself, said that I was just like Mama, strong, defiant and spirited, he would ruffle my hair whenever I made a clean kill" She smiled fondly at the memories of Papa.

"When I turned 13, he gave me a bullet casing and I asked him Papa what is this?"

Mike listened on in utter fascination.

"He said it was the casing to the first bullet that I had made a clean kill with and that It was tradition to be given the casing to show they have come of age. To show they are a hunter and soldier of the motherland. I attached it proudly to my rifle. I was the only girl in the whole village to have one" Eleanor said. The pride and happiness of the memory was evident in her tone as her voice echoed distinctly in his mind.

"From then on, I along with the other Hunters would go out into the wilderness and bring back a buck or a shoal of fish and share it with

the village, my rifle and I would never be apart, it was always slung over my shoulder, the Belinski boys would stare in awe and ask me questions, I would proudly display my rifle to them, telling them one day that a bullet casing would dangle from their rifle” Eleanor said, her voice was laced with Nostalgia during those times of peace.

“And they did, when they turned 13 last year, they found me in the village and proudly displayed their rifles, a bullet casing dangled from each. Soon it turned into a competition to see who had could rake up the most kills. We laughed and joked, they were like the little brothers that I had always wanted” Eleanor said looking at the shoes upon her feet, Mike could tell the tone was about to change and it did.

“But then the competition went from Animals to Men. As they invaded the motherland. I could only watch as those filthy fascist pigs brought flamethrowers to bear in the woodland. Soon our weapons became weapons of war as we fought for our homes” El said feeling small droplets of tear’s form in her eyes as she recounted the tale.

“Bullet after bullet, stripper clip after stripper clip, they would just keep on coming, soon Tanks joined them. Like merciless mechanical beasts that had come for revenge on the hunters that had claimed them. I could only watch as the Tank turned its gun upon the Belinski home, their house came apart like dust in the wind.” Eleanor said sadly

Mike felt his own eyes well up just because of the sheer brutality of it all, what if he had been there would of he done it, would have he turned his weapon upon them like so many others before him did so?

“I froze, Papa came up behind me and told me to run, to save myself. I argued and pleaded with him that I could fight. That I could kill. And he said that was exactly why I needed to run, to fight another day, go my child he said kissing me upon the forehead, I ran so fast and so far, I reached the trees just as they reached the village. I watched as they kicked and struck my Papa along from our home. They gunned him down without hesitation. Their flamethrowers tore through everything, wood, thatch and stone. And then three days later I was caught, thrown onto a prisoner train and ended up here, I

think if they knew that I killed so many of them I would be long dead” she finished sadly.

“How many did you kill?” Mike asked unable to stop himself.

“353” She said “I would of kept the bullet casings of every kill” Eleanor added bitterly.

“El, I’m sorry about your Papa” Mike said with sweet sincerity.

Eleanor sighed “Thank you, Mike” she replied, Mike felt something brush his Mind, it wasn’t a thought but an action

“El, Did you just kiss my cheek with your mind” Mike asked amused and strangely flattered, he felt the heat on his cheeks as he realized he was blushing.

“Maybe...” she said teasingly “Wait since when did you start calling me El?” she asked with a sly smile.

“I’m sorry, I’ll stop if you don’t like it” Mike said a bit dejected

“No, No, No. I like it” she said hastily. She smiled as something occurred to her.

“I never thought I would be friends with a German” she said

“I never thought I would be friends with a Russian” he retorted in amusement.

Mike knew that he wasn’t simply just friends with a Russian, he was falling in love with one and deeply at that, ever since he laid eyes on her at the camp gate. He felt himself growing ever more attached to her, she had just laid bare her soul to him, when he was technically the enemy that was currently burning its way across the Russian countryside.

“El?”

“Hmmm?” she replied in response.

“I’m sorry that you’re here” he said looking directly at her.

Conveying a look she could only describe as regret.

“I’m not” she replied like it was that simple

“Why would you say that?” Mike asked confused.

“Because I would have never have met you” She said looking at him fiercely, her brown eyes saying more than words ever could. In that moment Mike wanted nothing more than to run over to her, envelop her in a hug and kiss her. But he didn’t he stayed rooted to the spot, as much as he didn’t want to.

But his decision was made.

He was going to save her.

Reich be damned.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

(A/N) I think this is the most fun I have had writing about a characters past. But next chapter everything will start coming together. My plans for the finale is something beautiful. I can’t wait to write it.

As always guys review! And until next time, peace!

## 5. To Save Her

That's how it was for the next few days, Mike and El would talk across this bond that they seemed to have, although Mike never even thought of asking how she gained the ability to talk to him telepathically. It just felt so natural to the both of them. In turn El would keep him company from afar during a particularly long shift or miserable one at that. Part of him was thankful today but also not because of the weather.

It was raining again but today he was stationed up in the guard tower with the older MG-34. The tower was providing a somewhat ample shelter against the falling rain. Mike felt her mind brush against his and resisted the urge to simply close his eyes and bask in the familiar warmth that was now settled in his soul.

She had asked him of his time in the Hitler Youth, he told her of the bigotry and sheer hate that was among the group, Dustin had kept him sane and vice versa. The Hitler youth that they were a part of failed to corrupt them but they feigned compliancy.

Sometimes they would not even say a word to each other, they would just feel the mental presence of the other brushing against their mind, it was the mental equivalent of holding hands. It was a peaceful serenity that would overtake them and sometimes they would feel like the only two in the world.

She would linger within his line of sight to avoid the suspicion of the ever watchful SS guards and even the Wehrmacht guards, even though Mike knew some of them he knew that he just could not trust them. At least not fully. Sometimes they would exchange small discreet smiles. Mike would often find himself smiling after one of the long guard shifts as he had his arms behind his head as he lay on the barely comfortable cot.

But of course there were times where Mike would find himself wondering at what the heck he was doing, it was grounds for execution although no-one could ever really possibly know of their interactions apart from the fact they would glance at each other more often than they should of.

Eleanor too was becoming concerned oh her own growing feelings for the Ebony Haired German. He was supposed to be the enemy, the scourge of her people and her land. But he wasn't, he was just Mike.

They knew of the growing feelings between them, a constant desire, a constant longing to be with the other was growing evermore with each passing day that they communicated, it was something akin to torture. Of course neither of them knew of the feelings they harboured for each other.

Mike kept a watchful eye on the prisoners, his mind however was elsewhere, he thought of Dustin, hoping that he was not suffering from the same weather that he was at the moment. Mike's eyes travelled and skimmed the surface until he spotted her amongst the numerous inmates. She felt herself being watched and turned to face Mike in the Watchtower.

For the last few days it consisted of nothing but this. Sometimes she wouldn't due to the forced labour that the SS were forcing them via gunpoint to do, manufacturing weapons, munitions and clothing.

"You ok?" he sent across the mental bond. He felt her sigh in response.

"Yes, I think so" even across the bond she sounded incredibly downbeat and exhausted "it's okay Mike, it'll take more for them to destroy the spirit of this Bolshevik" she said brushing her mind with his. It sent shivers and chills down his spine.

"I only wish I were down there with you" he said solemnly.

"I know" she simply replied, she could feel it through the bond as she sent wave after wave of reassurance. She rounded the corner before looking at him one more time and then walked out of sight.

Mike sighed resisting the urge to pinch the bridge of his nose. Since the other day he was no-where near close to forming a plan on how to get her out, hell he wasn't even sure that it could be done. The watchtowers were positioned in such a way that there were no blind spots.

Also he was only one man, he couldn't fight off the entire division of Wehrmacht and Waffen-SS troops, it simply was not possible. However, Mike was nothing if not determined to get her out, even if it meant the cost of his own life to order to do so.

Being in the watch tower gave him time to plan, know the layout of the camp and its surroundings, the tree line was at least 50 feet in all directions, giving a clear line of sight on the surroundings of the camp.

But even if he did get her out, an entire division, even the entire Wehrmacht army would be on the hunt for them. They would most likely never escape Germany alive, the odds were simply against them, El knew nothing of Mike's plan to break her out.

"They killed five prisoners today" El's voice said out of nowhere

"Who?" Mike asked.

"SS" she said In disgust "they refused to work because of how tired and weak they felt and the SS just shot them on the spot"

Mike masked his own disgust. SS were brutal even at the best of times. He had only just recently learned of the death camps, the rumoured extermination camps proving to be true, he had overheard a conversation that the SS-Commandant was having with his Senior Waffen-SS Lieutenant.

Mike jumped startled as he heard another Soldier climb into the watchtower with him, signalling the end of his guard duty. He carefully climbed down and made his way to the barracks. Walking fast to avoid being soaked by the increasing volume of rain.

He walked in to find Wilhelm and several other Wehrmacht troopers talking amongst themselves. Mike paid no attention to them as he sat tiredly on the bunk, placing his weary hands into his hair, running a hand through it stressfully. He sat quietly until Wilhelm's voice brought him back to reality.

"Mike? Mike!" Wilhelm said snapping his fingers in his face. Mike's eyes finally focused and looked at Wilhelm



“Sorry, was in my own little world, what is it?” Mike asked politely.

“Didn’t you hear?” Wilhelm said

“Hear What?” Mike asked confused.

“The Commandant came here half-hour ago and said every Soldier needs to be on duty around midday the day after tomorrow”

Mike figured something big must be happening to warrant the need of the whole division to be on duty.

“apparently Prisoners A through F are being transferred away from the camp tomorrow” Wilhelm said disinterestedly

Mike felt his heart quicken, El was among those Prisoners.

“Where are they going?” Mike asked, fearing the answer.

But Wilhelm said next made Mike’s blood turn ice cold, he felt like his stomach was falling into the abyss. Not there. Anywhere but there. Mike felt fear like no other fear he felt before.

“Auschwitz” He said.

She was going to Auschwitz.

She was being sent to die.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

(A/N) Sorry it took awhile to get this chapter out, writers block plus travelling yesterday has delayed this chapter, and im leaving you guys on a cliffy lol I'm a bad, bad man lol

As always guys review! And until next time, peace!

## 6. Devotion to Duty

The words were beginning to sink in and Mike had felt his heart quicken. Heat flushes of panic were spreading throughout his body and sweat was making its way to his palms.

She was being sent away to die.

He had no choice, he would have to enact a plan as quick as possible and he had only a day to do so, it was quickly becoming apparent to him that it was nearly an impossible task. Mike had gained no sleep that night, twisting and turning with a constant sense of dread. Not for himself or the treason he was about to commit, he made his choice a long time ago and he would face whatever consequences that would befall him In the end. Because she was worth It, she would be always worth it.

Unable to take it anymore and he stood and walked to the window, if only to get a little bit of fresh air to relieve his stressed mind. He felt El's concerned mind brush his.

"Hey you ok?" she asked sleepily through the bond. Her voice had a hint of concern as she could feel the anxiety even from where she was in the camp.

"Yeah I'm ok, El, go back to sleep" he said kindly, he felt her brush his mind once more, before he felt It recede somewhat but it did linger, calming him as her mental presence soothed his.

By morning Mike had bloodshot eyes but he managed to figure out a plan in his mind that in theory would work if they were extremely lucky. His tiredness meant nothing as he now at least had something that now resembled a plan. He picked up his weapon and made his way down from the barracks to complete what he hoped would be his final shift at the prison camp. He was going to save her or die trying.

El looked at him from across the camps ground, her face was frowned as she saw the hint of smile upon his lips that the other inmates or even guards could not detect for that matter.

She reached across the expanse of the void with her mind, Brushing across his mind with hers, she felt him touch back carefully like he was stroking a delicate flower because in Mike's mind she was just that.

El herself was starting to become suspicious as high-ranking SS officers would walk to each other and talk with hushed whispers whilst glancing at certain prisoners including her, something was going on, it also caught Mike's attention who would briefly look at them before looking away himself, his own mind deep in pondering thought.

She felt her heart be tugged by the sight of him, such longing and such desire was festering inside her heart, she could feel the link between them was growing stronger by the day, even though they talked almost non-stop she wasn't sure what his feelings to her could be, was it just friendship or was it something more? She knew he was not like the majority of Germans who hated Bolsheviks like herself. Even so she knew nothing could ever happen between them due to the nature of where they were. She had no idea of what was about to happen that night.

Dusk faded into the blackness of the night, a small amount of fog had settled near the ground, white trails of it would rise and fade into the night. Mike walked nervously outside, his weapon was shouldered as he made his way back to the barracks, the end of his shift concluded. He however didn't go to bed, he waited until he heard the soft snores of his fellow Wehrmacht roommates before putting his plan into action.

He slowly tiptoed his way through the barracks, putting on his uniform and discreetly taking two stick grenades from two other soldiers as they snored on softly, unaware of their comrades theft. He made his way out of the door, slowly closing it as he did so. He checked his watch seeing that it was 12:02, 2 minutes after the previous guard change.

The soldiers that were on duty opened the gate for him as he wandered into the camp, Mike could feel her distinct presence close by, he wandered between the huts, closing in fast on her signature.

So far so good he thought to himself, however, the hardest parts were yet to come he mused, he stood outside the hut that he could see she was inside, he took a deep breath and walked inside, he gulped as he saw numerous wooden cots crammed inside, the smell alone was appalling and Mike felt his heart break for every prisoner, knowing that tomorrow they were going to be sent to their deaths. But there was nothing he could do about that now, he had his own mission to fulfil and by god that was exactly what he was going to do.

His eyes roved this way and that as he slowly searched for her among the jumble of people. Most of the prisoners that were still awake paid no heed to him being there, as they were used to Wehrmacht troops coming into the huts every so often for various reasons.

It was almost too dark to make out much and he nearly did not spot her amongst the dark. But there she was curled up on her side fast asleep and Mike stood there almost in a trance at the sight of her, he hadn't been this close to her since the day at the gate. He walked over to her, mindful of the prisoners just in case they tried to ambush him from behind, he wouldn't kill them if it did happen but he wouldn't take it lying down either.

He gently shook her to rouse her from her deep slumber. She slowly opened her eyes tiredly, noticing that was dark until she saw Mike's figure looming over her. She quickly sat up in a fight or flight response. This would be the first time that they ever spoke to each other with their real voices and it was something Mike or El would ever forget simply due to how their voices sounded to the other.

"El, it's just me" he said quietly trying to avoid being overheard by the other prisoners.

"Mike? What are you doing here?" she hissed back.

"Do you trust me?" everything depended now upon her answer.

She sat for a moment in consideration

"Yes" she said just as quietly, almost like she was resigned to it.

"Then come with me" he said, she looked up to his eyes to try and

spot any lies or dishonestly, seeing and sensing none, she slowly stood up and held out her hands and nodded at him discreetly. He got the message and placed handcuffs on her wrists although reluctantly, he sent an apologetic look her way before his face hardened.

“Move along, Bolshevik!” Mike tried not to wince at his own harsh voice but El complied, Mike kept the safety on as he pointed his MP40 at her back as they moved along through mass of sleepy humans before making their way outside to the bitter cold of the night.

Once they were outside and free of being overheard as long as they weren't loud

“Mike, where are we going?” she asked not facing him as the guard towers noticed them and watched with rapt attention.

“I'm getting you out of here El, I found out that a high amount of Prisoners are being taken to a death camp” he said his voice a mixture of sadness and disgust.

“Death Camps?” she whispered back, he heard the shock in her tone

“Yes, they were taking you to one” Mike uttered despondently “I won't allow that to happen”

“Mike your committing treason for me” El said quietly, she didn't want this for him, committing treason meant Death.

“I don't care, I made my choice a long time ago, I'm not abandoning you to die” he said fiercely, his teeth were gritted in determination. El felt her heart swell at his words and resisted the urge to kiss the boy/man.

They were fast approaching the gate and the guards there stiffened and raised their weapons slightly as they approached.

“Halt! Where are you taking this prisoner?” he asked.

Mike paled at this, he hadn't thought he was going to be questioned by a guard. Think Mike, think!

“Uh commandant Brenner wants to see her” Mike came up with on the spot hoping that his voice was not conveying the anxiety he felt.

The soldier glanced down at his watch and frowned before looking back up at him “At this time of night?”

Shit.

“Uh, apparently she has information key to the Russian front” Nice one Mike he thought to himself.

The guard nodded thoughtfully and opened the gate for him.

“Danke” he said walking through with El. “Move it Bolshevik! Or do I have to put a bullet in your leg?” he said loud enough for the guards to overhear. They walked faster before turning the corner and out of sight.

Mike sighed and let out a breath he did not know he was holding in “Sorry about that El, I had to make it convincing”

She shook her head in response “You don’t need to apologize Mike” she said gently caressing his mind with her mental presence. They walked further until they found themselves in the Vehicle Depot, there were Tanks, Motorbikes and several posh cars for the officers. He walked over to one of the motorbikes with a sidecar.

“Stop Traitor” someone shouted and the distinct cocking of a weapon could be heard both Mike and El turned around to see a lone Wehrmacht Soldier pointing an MP40 at the two of them, Mike slowly raised his hands.

“Mike?” the soldier said shocked, his weapon lowered slightly. Mike squinted through the darkness until he recognized the person in front of him. Mike simply sighed dejectedly

Wilhelm.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

(A/N) love a good cliffy lol hopefully i will finish this story before the new year and i hope you all enjoyed

this chapter. As always guys review! And until next time, peace!



## 7. Desperation of Love

### Notes for the Chapter:

(A/N) this has been my favourite chapter to write. When you see the (A/N) again please play this tune on youtube. The Last Battle (Original Composition) by Lucas King

It was Wilhelm.

Wilhelm stood facing the two would be escapees, Wilhelm himself was surprised at who was betraying the Reich, Mike stood protectively in front of the prisoner who he was helping to escape, Mike simply starred down at his former comrade, Wilhelm cursed under his breath and lowered his weapon that little bit more.

“Why are you doing this Mike?” Wilhelm asked.

“Because it’s the right thing to do” Mike said firmly

“The right thing to do? Mike we’re soldiers, its not our place to decide what is right and what is wrong, its our place to follow orders and obey” Wilhelm replied just as firmly.

“I can’t let her die, Wilhelm, I simply can’t” Mike whispered bowing his head.

“Why? Why is she so goddamn important, she’s the enemy Mike, she’s probably killed so many of our brothers in arms, why should she have mercy? What makes her any different” Wilhelm said looking at El who just glowered at him.

“Because I love her” Mike uttered, the words were barely audible but both El and Wilhelm heard the words as clear as day where silence filled the air, the words hung heavy. Mike felt heat fill his cheeks and he couldn’t bare to look at El, not now. Wilhelm looked utterly gob smacked and his gun was lowered by this point as it was just pointed aimlessly at the floor.

But El looked to Mike with unshed tears in her eyes, his declaration

of love resonated through her very being. She felt her heart skip a beat than another, than another until it remembered how to work, he was risking his own life for hers

“So shoot me, kill me, turn me in, I don’t care but let her go Wilhelm” Mike said looking up to Wilhelm, trying his hardest to not glance back at El who unknown to him was looking at him like she had looked at no other. To say she was now completely smitten was an understatement.

“but please, let her go, let her be free” Mike pleaded, in a last ditch effort to reason with Wilhelm.

Wilhelm looked between the two, noticing the silent tears that were now slowly sliding down El’s face, her eyes glistened as her attention was still focused on Mike and only on Mike. Wilhelm sighed and resisted the urge to pinch the bridge of his nose.

“Go...” He said finally.

Mike swore he had misheard correctly “Pardon?” he said in shock, Wilhelm looked him in the eye, sighed and walked up to Mike.

“I can see what she means to you, although I have no idea why, but if this is what you want Mike, I won’t stop you” Wilhelm said with a small smile. El watched the exchange silently. “I doubt we will ever see each other again, so good luck my friend” Wilhelm said sticking out his hand which Mike took thankfully, a firm shake of two brothers in arms.

Mike turned away before feeling Wilhelm grasp his shoulder, shouts could be heard in the distance as their ploy was being discovered “One more thing Mike” Wilhelm said. Mike turned to face him once more.

“Stab me” he said, Mike took a step back in genuine surprise at Wilhelm’s suggestion.

“But...” Mike began.

“There’s no time for buts, stab me” Wilhelm snapped, the yells and shouts were gaining ever closer. Wilhelm silently held out his MP40

which El took and Wilhelm snapped a salute, not the Nazi salute but the proper salute which Mike hastily returned.

“Thank you” Mike said, a small tear of his own rolling down his cheek. Mike took the Hitler Youth knife out of the hilt, he held it delicately between his fingers before thrusting it into a non-vital area of Wilhelm’s stomach, he knew why he had to stab him, it was to make the escape more convincing and keep Wilhelm out of suspicion, he quickly drew the knife back out and rushed towards the bike taking El’s hand as he did so. He turned the bike engine on just as El got settled in the sidecar.

Wilhelm smiled at them as they drove out of the depot and into the night. He smiled to himself before passing out due to a combination of pain and blood loss. Mike paid no heed though as he sped out of the depot to the surprise of several Waffen-SS that were closing in the depot.

They automatically opened fire on the two as Mike put the throttle down, there surprise managed to put more distance between them, getting further and further out of the effective range of the MP40’s although several rounds did pierce the back of the sidecar thankfully the range was too great for the bullets to effectively penetrate the steel.

El returned fire with the MP40 that she took from Wilhelm, firing in quick successive bursts to keep accuracy, dirt was thrown up as Mike turned the bike round the corner at breakneck speeds nearly over turning the bike as he did so.

The darkness of the night was only pierced by the light from the bike’s front light, the fog was still coming thick and fast, Mike was barely able to keep sight on the dirt road underneath them.

“Mike” El called warningly, Mike glanced at the side view mirror to see three lights behind them, closing in fast. Mike cursed under his breath. He took his own MP40 and passed it to her in the side car for extra ammo. This was going to be difficult. The Waffen-SS was slowly gaining on them.

El waited with baited breath as they drew ever closer. The side-car

occupants began to open fire with their MP40'S, tracer rounds lit up the road as they drove further on into blackness. Mike decided to make a risky decision. He swerved left and into an open field.

Over the roar of the bike's engines Mike shouted "El, take the grenades!" he said gesturing to his belt where three stick grenades stuck out. El strained to reach them as the bike tumbled and shook on the uneven ground of the field. El heard the whiz of a bullet as it flew by her right ear. She simply couldn't reach, her limbs not being long enough.

But she didn't need to too as the grenades floated from the belt into her surprised outstretched fingers, blood ran down from her nose. She simply gaped in shock, she was snapped out of her stupor as another round imbedded itself into the sidecar. The round flew through the side car, leaving a small hole.

El undid the cap at the bottom of the grenade where a small ball fell out attached to a piece of wiring which she promptly pulled out, igniting the fuse, a 4 second fuse, she threw the first grenade and watched it tumble into darkness behind them, a second later it exploded but it was too far from the enemy to do any real damage. She cursed in Russian before grabbing the second grenade.

She threw it closer to the ground behind them but that one exploded too early as well, she huffed angrily and grabbed the third and final grenade, she wondered silently before pulling the fuse on that one too, she hurled towards the pursuing Waffen-SS, she threw her hand up and imagined the grenade flying towards Soldiers. She focused on that one image. The grenade found itself flying further than it was thrown until it hit the chest of the Waffen-SS rider on the middle bike, his eyes widened in a mixture of fear and shock. A second later a bright fireball engulfed him and his passenger.

The two other bikes veered away from the explosion so quickly and that they overturned their bikes, El smiled in triumph as she watched the fireball erupt before it slowly dissipated leaving the world in blackness once more. Mike held a small smile as they drove at a more safer speed now they had evaded their pursuers.

(A/N)

A small silence settled between them, the only sound was that of the engine as they drove through the German countryside. Mike was too all too aware of what he said earlier and El was still too shocked to address it. After four hours of driving Mike pulled over near a small wooded area, silently he pushed the bike into the trees to keep it out of site.

Mike soon had gathered enough wood and kindling in order to start a small fire, luckily the Hitler youth integrated things learnt in the boy scouts when they abolished it in favour of the Hitler youth.

"I'll be back, El" Mike said without looking at her, he shouldered his MP40, checked his PO8 sidearm before marching off into the forest, the horizon had the faint glow of daylight just beyond.

El watched him go. A forlorn expression adhered her delicate features that weren't affected by the year of warfare she had been apart of. She wondered if he had regretted the words he had said, as he barely looked at her since that moment. She just dejectedly poked the fire with a stick. She would address it when he got back, if he came back she corrected herself, she didn't think Mike would leave her but it was a possibility.

A single shot rang out making El jump, she watched the tree line wearily, her MP40 on her lap ready to kill if need be. She could hear footsteps by this point just beyond the light of the campfire. She stood and pointed the MP40 towards the source of the noise.

Mike came into a view, a small deer was flung over his shoulder, their eyes locked and both of them felt their heart race, no words were said, only that El reached out with her mind and brushed his delicately, she felt him respond brushing their telepathic bond with a feeling she could not place a word to. Mike was shook out of his daze and set about on cooking the deer for the two of them to eat.

"Mike, why won't you look at me" She asked, the words slipped out without her permission, she cursed at how blunt she put it. Mike just starred into the fire like it would provide the answer that she wanted.

Slowly Mike turned to look at El, the orange glow of the fire reflected in his eyes, he reached up and took off the Wehrmacht helmet he still

had on, he let it hit the grass beside him and El could not suppress the gasp that escaped her lips.

Holy God he was gorgeous. Waves of ebony hair lay atop his head with a gentle sprinkling of freckles that adorned his cheeks just under his eyes that were highlighted by the warm glow of the fire. It was the first time she had seen him without a helmet. She felt herself moving towards him slowly, she slowly crouched down to her knee's.

"Mike?" she asked quietly, they were only a foot apart now. Mike looked at her delicate soft features, her huge brown eyes, so deep and pure. Mike broke his gaze with her and unclasped the Hitler Youth knife and held it between his fingers, turning it around in his fingers so that the inscription that the blade carried was now visible.

Blood and Honour.

Mike regarded the knife silently before letting it tumble from his fingers and into the fire. Mike turned to her and locked his eyes with her in a tender gaze, trying to convey the message he desperately was wanted to say to her with his eyes. El finally understood the feeling she had felt across their bond.

Love.

Beautiful, Painstaking, Crushing, gut-wrenching, soul binding love.

El leaped forward, grabbed his face between her petite hands and crashed her lips upon his. Something exploded inside the two of them, something that was forever. Something that was eternal.

Mike's arm snaked around her back and pulled her into his lap, El gasped into his mouth. There was no room between the two of them of now as they frantically kissed the other. Their lips were never apart for more than half a second. Finally all the built up emotions and desire between the two came down to this. This one moment where they were able to touch each other, bask in it, rejoice in it. El's arms wrapped themselves across his shoulders and behind his neck. Locking them together.

They pulled back for air, their lips swollen and red, their foreheads

came together, the nose nuzzled the nose of the other softly. Their eyes closed in bliss, their breath was shaky and rampant. They closed the distance between them, kissing softly and quickly because they simply could not get enough of the other. Two People from different sides of a war that were desperately in love.

The Deer that was cooking was promptly forgotten about.

The Fire wasn't the brightest thing to burn that night.

Their Passion Was.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

(A/N) I think I nearly cried writing that myself lol that tune I wanted you guys to play was the bit of music I was listening to that helped me write the final part of this chapter. Beautiful bit of music I thought. Probably about 2 chapters left, 3 at a push.

As always guys review! And until next time, peace!

## 8. Whispers

The remaining embers of the fire faded away into ash as the sun started to peek its way across the horizon, Mike paid no heed to the dying fire. His MP40 lay close to his side. He paid no attention to that either, no, his attention was focused on something else entirely.

Mike was sat with his back to a grizzled looking oak tree. His back protested at the amount of hours he had been sat in that position but he dared not move a muscle. He looked down to chest to see a top of brown hair tucked underneath his chin. His left arm was curled around her protectively as she snuggled into his chest. Despite having been awake for two days he never had felt more alert and awake. Her safety was worth more to him than a few meagre hours of sleep.

He knew the Wehrmacht would be out in force looking for them, he was thankful that he was able to put at least a few hours of distance between them and themselves, it was the only hope they had right now. To escape. To be free. To be together.

But for the moment he just wanted to bathe in her glowing presence. Last night was something akin to magic in Mike's eyes, they kissed in the glow of the fire. In the shade of moonlight and in the warmth of the rising sun. it seemed like the universe exploded with delight at their unification. Never had he felt so whole and complete.

And now simply looking down to her peaceful face was something he knew he wanted to wake up to see everyday for the rest of his life. She is so beautiful he thought to himself, her delicate almost angelic like features, the shortness of her hair, he could not wait to see what her hair was really like when it grown out a bit. He would be surprised and thrilled to see it was naturally curly.

She shifted slightly and her face buried itself further into his chest. He gently placed a small kiss on the top her head and he sighed he knew the peace was not going to last forever. He chanced a glance at his watch and saw it was a little before six. He gently nudged her, not wanting to startle her.

"El?" he said shaking her, she let out a small groan and with what he



assumed was a pout heard her say “5 more minutes” before her fist clutched to his shirt like a lifeline, the look on her face was something he could only describe as cute. He sighed, she was going to be the death of him.

He shook her harder.

“El, c’mon we need to get going” he said glancing around the trees as he did so always keeping an eye on the surroundings. She let out a soft moan before sitting up from his chest and blinking open her eyes tiredly before they settled on Mike, a small smile played on her lips as she leaned towards him and placed a gentle filled kiss upon his lips. They slowly inched their lips apart by a mere fraction. They rested their foreheads together. Breathless and tingling all over, no kiss would ever lose that feeling.

He kissed her forehead and El closed her eyes in something that could only be compared to bliss and contentment. He gently lifted her to her feet before reaching down and plucking his helmet from the ground and placing it back onto his head. Securing the straps with a look El came to recognise as a grimace.

He slapped a magazine of ammunition into his MP40 and they marched off through the woods, he kept El behind him as they trudged through the undergrowth and weeds of the woods, finding their stolen bike nestled in several overgrown bushes. Settled herself into the sidecar as Mike started the engine and they were soon off once more they cut across country to avoid the roadblocks that would most certainly be in place.

The Switzerland border was only an hour or two’s drive and Mike wanted to cross the border as soon as possible, Mike knew when they reached the border they would have to ditch the weapons and the insignia’s of the Wehrmacht. Something crossed his mind however.

“El, did you want to come with me?” He asked, he thought he should just at least make sure. She looked at him from the sidecar with a mixture of confusion and worry.

“Yes Mike, I will be with you wherever you go” El said like it was the most the simple thing in the world because to her it was.

“Good” he said with a small smile to himself. That was good. The ride continued in silence for a few more minutes before she was asked another question.

“That day at the gate, they day I first saw you, how did you know my name?” he asked curiously. She looked at him with brows furrowed like she couldn’t really understand it herself.

“It was whispered to me” she said with a soft, shy voice, it was barely audible over the sound of the bikes engine.

Mike was nonplussed at her answer, was it fate, was it some sort of destiny, he wasn’t really sure, but nevertheless he was glad it did.

They rode on silently both Mike and El were now lost in their own thoughts on the other, wondering what lay ahead, she closed her eyes and suddenly she found her minds shooting through a tunnel that were lit up with multicoloured lights until she found herself looking at a scene that stopped her heart.

She was looking at herself and Mike slightly older sat in a house that was not familiar to her, but that wasn’t what stopped her heart, it was the bundle of cloths and fabrics that her future self was carrying. A small hand extended from the bundle, a tiny hand and it reached up to her face as a small squeal emanated from the bundle, she looked on with tears in eyes before she felt herself being dragged back through the multicoloured tunnel and back into the real world, she glanced at Mike who hadn’t realized her slip into the world of foresight. She felt herself smile in what would be the first of many similar smiles in her life. She felt something whisper to her from the deep imaginings of her mind.

Forever.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

(A/N) I’m so sorry to everyone on how long this chapter took to write as well as the shortness of it, been a lot going on lately I ain’t found the time to write lol

also i would to apologize to anyone who has had the misfortune to see the holocaust denier in the comments for chapter 1, can't believe even in this day and age on how ignorant and disrespectful people can still be.

As always review! And until next time guys, peace!

## 9. Tiger, Troop and Tears

They managed to reach the border and Mike huffed as they slowed to a stop as he looked from left to right at the barrier that consisted of barbed wire and wooden poles although it would not stop Tanks it was enough to deter small vehicles and people.

How the hell would they get through the barrier, Mike dismounted and walked up to the barrier to see if there was way they could walk through instead. By this point he had discarded the Wehrmacht uniform although he had kept the weapons. They had gone through a small village and stole some clothes off of a washing line for both him and El who too discarded the clothes of a concentration camp. The threw the clothes into a nearby river and watched silently as the clothes floated down river. The last remnants of who they used to be was now washing away. The watched in silence, hand in hand.

El thought back to the possible future that she had managed to get a glimpse of, the bundle of cloth and fabric would be their child, she looked at Mike and smiled, hoping that one day that it would become a reality for them.

They drove on in Silence with El keeping an eye out on all sides for any troops looking for them, several times they had been barely avoided being seen by patrols, they did not risk using their weapons at the time, it was something of a last resort.

Both Mike and El had talked about what they would do if they were to be captured with no chance to escape, they would shoot each other whilst embracing, if they were to die, they would die together rather be submitted to a pointless interrogation before being carted off to die alone and away from the other, at least this way it would be on their own terms.

Mike had briefly noticed that there was an 011 branded onto his inner wrist, he didn't question it, he knew the camps liked to brand the prisoners with numbers and refer to them as such. It didn't seem to bother her so he never mentioned it although she did catch his eye and sent a small apology through the bond. But she gave him a small smile to indicate it was okay.

Mike looked on, the heavy onset of wind was blowing his mess of black hair everywhere, El stole looks at him, she seriously wanted to jump him right now, simply because of the way the damn wind was affecting his hair but she held herself back, biting her lip as she did so. Mike, thankfully, did not notice El's small predicament as something else had caught his attention.

The distant sound of clanking could be heard and Mike spun to see something he dreaded to see, especially now that freedom was within their grasp. He felt his body go cold at the sight of a Tiger, with several squads of Wehrmacht and Waffen-SS troops fanned out around it, clearly searching for them, it would not be long until they were spotted.

Mike turned to El who too had now noticed the acquisition of the unwanted guests, rapidly closing in on their position. There was no possible way they could take on a Tank and win, much less a Tiger Tank at that. Mike knew this was the end of the line for them.

There was nothing for it and so he gently leaned down and captured her lips with his in a gentle kiss that sent shivers down the spine of the other, their eyes closed as the world melted around them to nothingness, like there was nothing left in the world but them. Mike poured every ounce of his soul into the kiss as a single, solitary tear made its way down his cheek, knowing that they would never experience the joy of freedom.

They pulled apart reluctantly, The Tiger had spotted them and launched a shell towards the two which impacted the ground with deafening force a fair distance away from, both of them flinched at the sound. Their hands still clasped together. They realized that they weren't trying to capture them alive. But his eyes never left hers, if they were going to die then by God he was going to die looking into the eyes he had come to adore.

"El" He whispered his voice shaking.

"Y..Ye..Yes?" she stuttered and she simply could not stop the tears falling one after the other. He reached his hand up to stroke her cheek lightly. The distant sound of tank treads and the shouting of the enemy troops as they closed in on the despairing couple.

It was now or never.

“I’m so glad I met you, you are everything to me and so much more El, I felt it that day we met, the day we first spoke and that night we escaped, if we are to die here, there is nowhere else I’d rather be. I love you. I will love you till the day I die and beyond that, even if that day is today” He said, his own eyes brimming was unshed sorrow.

El choked out a sob, all composure was gone as she choked on her tears as she clung to Mike with every single fibre of her being, their shared sorrow cementing their love, their passion and unwavering loyalty even until the end of all things.

“M..Mike, thank you getting me out, for freeing me” She whispered “I will love you forever and beyond” she said, their bond was essentially on fire by this point, overwhelmed with emotion. They fiercely kissed the other for the last time. A drop of water was followed by another then another as the heavens opened up with a downpour of rain. Like the heavens above was weeping for them.

They broke apart and turned to see Tiger coming to a stop.

The Tiger’s Gun looked straight at them, a beast staring down it’s prey.

It Fired.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

(A/N) yet another cliffy! Lol now that things have calmed down a bit I can get back to my regular writing schedule, one more chapter to go! Then I can start work on the sequel to Beauty of Annihilation.

As always guys, review! And until next time, Peace!

## 10. A Sliver of Destiny

The Tiger wasted no time in unleashing hell upon the two and fired a shell from its 88mm flak gun with a resounding thud as the cannon fired.

Mike had his eyes closed tightly, he heard the cannon go off so why were they not dead yet? He felt El tremble beside him but the only thing that could be heard was the splattering of rain drops upon the surface of the Earth. Mike risked it and cracked one eye open before both shot open in a flurry of surprise and shock.

El stood with her arm raised and there floating in front of them was the shell from the Tiger, it took a second for Mike to realise that the damn thing was floating in front of their very eyes. El's eyes were open and doe eyed in shock as she looked at her arm in disbelief. She knew she could do these things since she floated the grenades to her when they were being chased by the Waffen-SS but this was something new altogether, she had stopped a shell that would travel at 840 metres per second when fired.

And there it was floating, El experimentally moved her arm from left to right and the shell followed her movements, she looked down to her arms, not knowing the power that was currently coursing through her, simply waiting to be summoned into service. Mike just looked on in astonishment, lost for words.

El drew her arm back and the shell followed her. She flung her palm outward hard and the shell obeyed and shot straight into the Tiger just underneath the Turret ring. Unable to resist its own firepower the Tank groaned in protest as the Tank found itself disabled with its main gun out of commission. Blood dripped freely from El's nose.

Mike took the lapse of concentration to grab El's arm and drag her into the recently made shell crater. As the enemy were shook out of their stupor they opened fire but it was already a futile effort as they could not be hit inside the crater, Mike cocked his MP40 and peaked out the crater returning fire.

El did the same with her MP40, they had the advantage of being in

good cover whereas the enemy was out in open which was never a good place to be when under-fire. Mike smiled a little allowing himself to believe just for a moment that they might actually pull this off.

“GRANATE!” One soldier shouted and Mike immediately looked up to see a stick grenade flying through the air towards their nifty little bit of cover. Mike immediately dove on top of El shielding her from any potential fragments of shrapnel as the grenade exploded mere inches from the crater’s edge. Thankfully there was no shrapnel to be seen.

Soon enough they sent the last remnants of the Wehrmacht running as the last of the Waffen-SS were killed. Their necks snapped by El, El made to snap their necks too but Mike held up a hand and pointed to them, she realized they were running away. She figured that they were just like Mike, forced to follow orders. Her attention turned to the Tiger that had managed to orientate itself to face their direction once more, despite the turret ring being damaged, both her hands flew forwards and she felt the power scoop itself underneath the Tank and lift it into the air, it fired another shell in a futile response to stop them, it flew safely over their heads and straight into the barrier on the border making a very definitive hole.

Her gaze hardened as she saw the two lightning bolts of the SS upon the side and she clenched her fist together. The sound of ripping metal filled their ears as she crushed the Tank in on itself. Along with that the munitions inside which could no longer handle the stress and promptly exploded. El let the hunk of Metal fall to the ground in a smoking heap. She sighed as she fell to her knees, blood pouring out of her ears now as well.

Mike let his own weapon clatter to the floor as it was now useless and the last remnant of a past he no longer wished to remember, he too fell to his knees and wrapped his arms around El in a loving hug. She moved her mouth up to his ear.

“It finally over, isn’t it?” she whispered to him, it sent shivers down his spine as he pulled back and gently pressed a kiss to her forehead.

“Yes, I think so, El.” Mike said with a small knowing smile.



They walked back through to Switzerland and never looked back.

A week later they found themselves in America with citizenship and refugee status considering El was an escapee and Mike was a traitor to the Reich, he was promptly questioned by the US Army for intelligence which Mike was happy to answer giving them useful and critical intelligence.

An elderly couple had dropped them off outside the town they were moving too, the house was already bought and furnished and they had no personal effects on them.

They stood together, hands clasped as they stared at the sign to their new home, both of them thankfully were fluent in English, it was how they were able to communicate through the bond they shared.

Something about the sign felt strange to the both of them like it was familiar.

WELCOME TO HAWKINS, INDIANA.

Mike smiled despite himself and where he turned his head to face her to only find her looking at him with huge brown eyes, full of hope and dreams and unspoken promises.

“I never thought I would fall in love with a German” she said quietly, looking at their intertwined fingers. Mike used his free hand to tilt her head up to look into his eyes.

“I never thought I would fall in love with a Russian” he said before moving forward to press his lips to hers and she melted into it with a soft gasp. The couple that was full of hope, desire, dreams and now a future stood outside Hawkins, unbeknownst to them that destiny would always lead them here no matter what universe or time they found themselves in.

June 6th 1944 came and went, Mike paced up and down in their home, worried for Dustin who last he heard was still at Normandy, D-Day had begun. Mike asked the Army to bring back any news about Dustin. The days passed and Mike found out to his relief that Dustin had surrendered and was safe, a prisoner of war but safe nonetheless.

World War II ended on May 8th 1945. Mike learned to his utter despair and grief that his Parents were killed by a Greifkommando squad during the Battle of Berlin. El held him as he wept uncontrollably into her shoulder. She closed her eyes at the brutality of it all. Their bond was aflame with grief, she sent soothing waves across to him before his cries became sniffles and he fell asleep his face peacefully resting in the crook of her shoulder as she stroked his jet black hair.

They went to a place outside of Berlin for the funeral, both of them being buried in Munich where they first fell in love. Mike could not bare to return to the war torn city. He would never return to Berlin.

El asked if they could visit her village whilst they were in Europe and Mike agreed where she too found her fathers grave in the rebuilt village, miraculously the Belinski boys had survived the destruction of their home but barely as one of them was now missing an eye.

Upon the grave it read.

Jim Hopper.

Born November 15th 1900

Died September 1942

Aged 41

Loving Father and Trusted Friend. Defender of the Motherland.

She fell to her knees where Mike wrapped her in a tight and caring hug. She wiped the tears away with a shaky breath and moved closer to the grave.

“Hi papa” she said fighting back tears that were threatening to fall. “I fought on like you said, I never gave up, I wish you could of met Mike, he saved me” she said quietly, head bowed towards the grave. Hoping for some sort of sign for his approval but seeing none she stood up and glanced to the headstone once more before slowly walking out of the small graveyard. Mike watched her go with a forlorn gaze before he himself turned back towards the grave.

“Hello sir, um I wish we could have had the chance to meet, El told me so many stories about the two of you” his head turned away to

spot El waiting outside the graveyard for him before he turned once more to the gravestone. "I promise you sir that I will defend and love your daughter to the ends of the Earth, you have my word" he said his fist clenched in his vow to keep her safe.

Mike swore he caught the whiff of cigarette smoke invading his nostrils before turning away to catch up with El. Mike gave a quick glance back, something plaguing his mind.

"El did your father smoke?" he asked, she looked at him with a small frown.

"Yes, all the time, why do you ask" she asked looking at him

"No reason, come on let's go" he said taking her hand in his, Mike wore a small discreet smile to himself.

The stayed in the village for a Week, Mike got up early in the morning leaving notes for El, telling her he would be back soon every time he would come back with nothing. With a small dejected look on his face until on the final day of that week he came trudging through the snow with a worn out but triumphant look upon his features he carried a long box underneath his arm.

She pestered him about it for days on what was inside, but he wasn't saying anything, he simply would reply that it was for her birthday where El would let out a small puff and pout at him, which nearly worked every time but Mike was able to hold his resolve.

Until the day of her birth on November 6th.

He handed her the box that morning back in Hawkins, a small smile played on her lips as she took the package from his gangly limbs and was surprised by the weight of it, what exactly in the hell was in this box? She thought to herself, she looked at him just before opening the box to see a look of tentativeness adoring his features and even a twinkle in his eye.

She slowly opened the box.

She gasped.

The lid of the box hit the floor, forgotten about.

As El reached with trembling Hands into the box and lifted out a Mosin-Nagant 1981 Bolt Action Rifle but her eyes brimmed with tears as she looked at the rifle up and down noticing the piece of metal was that dangling from the trigger guard.

A bullet casing.

She glanced to the side of the rifle to see a name inscribed upon the wooden stock of the weapon, a name that she had carved onto it when she was thirteen years old.

Eleanor Hopper.

Her eyes flew up to Mike's who had a small smile on his face at her emotional reaction. She carefully placed the rifle back into the box before flying at Mike fiercely kissing him with every ounce of love in her soul, happy tears cascading down her cheeks, she wrapped her legs round his waist, pressing her body into his before Mike walked backwards slowly into the bedroom.

Their son was conceived that very same day.

Nathaniel Jim Wheeler was born August 12th 1946.

Elyse Karen Wheeler was born July 30th 1948.

May 2nd 1949

Mike sat in his study carefully using a typewriter. His brow focused as he was set upon completing the work that he had been writing for nearly three years, the final page had only a few lines left. El quietly opened the door and closed it the same way as to not disturb Mike and to not wake the children who were now fast asleep.

She placed a small kiss onto his cheek, he smiled before reaching round giving her a deep kiss in return before returning to the typewriter finishing the last of the words, he carefully placed the final page onto the pile before letting out a tired and relieved sigh.

"So you finally finished?" she asked a tiny smile tugging at the corners of her lips.

“Yes finally” he stated “I had to alter a few things, mostly things that involved your powers” he said rubbing at his left eye tiredly.

She simply nodded in response “Have you thought of a title?” she asked again, he nodded before placing a fresh page into the typewriter and typing away, she waited patiently before he handed her the paper and her eyes roved down the few words that were printed there.

Of Reich, Regret and Redemption.

Based on the true story of Eleanor and Mike Wheeler.

She looked up to Mike who wore a tired yet satisfied smile. She placed the page onto the pile and walked over to him placing her arms around his shoulders as his snaked around her waist. They could not resist the pull as they ended kissing the other, never wanting to end the passion they felt for the other.

Mike, The German Soldier. A Man who wanted nothing to do with the Reich. Who fell in complete and maddening love with a Russian.

Eleanor, The Russian Prisoner. A Woman who was as fierce as the Motherland. Who's heart was captivated by that of a German.

They were free. They were together. They were forever.

They were Destiny.

FIN.

## **Notes for the Chapter:**

(A/N) boom and I am done lol you honestly didn't think I was going to kill them at the end? Lol its not like I have ever done that before... (walks off whistling nonchalantly) lol

But yeah now I can start work on the Sequel to Beauty of Annihilation. Hopefully should have the first chapter out by Monday maybe even sooner but it depends on inspiration and motivation lol

Thank you to everyone that has supported this story, words cannot tell me how much i appreciate the support i have received.

As always guys review! And until next time, peace!